

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Heart Of Darkness (Interlude)"

Inifinite...no you don't fuck around with the inifinite
There's no way you do that
A painted hill has two sides, the kind you can touch with your hand
The kind you can feel in your heart
Your soul, the spiritual side
And you know, the worst of the two...is the spiritual

[Jus Allah:]

I'm leaf-twistin, but still kill your whole belief system
I speak wisdom, translated to street diction
A past victim of the government for grapple
Now I slash you, I'm the slave wit snapped shackles
After cash rules, a-alikes move wit me
We murdered the fakes involved in the three-sixty
Eighty-five face the truth, you're too dumb
You burn and failed attempts reachin the sun
I grab you and squeeze until your pores bleed
Manipulate the earth that you formerly believed
Even after you're buried underneath the soil
Send a message to hell, nobody grieve for you
Your physical mass is converted into ash
Allah's wrath is engraved on your epitab
Spend eternity wit the underground forces
Your screams echo in deaf ears of the remorseless

You don't even wanna test
Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless

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[Ikon:]

The raw mangler, seven angles of Angular
Strangle the pagans who stayed in the pages of Diameter
Rhyme shatterer, with nine rhymes I'm hackin you
The author will scorch ya wit the torches of Joseph Mangler
Sended you to the squared circle to meet me
To beat me won't be easy, you'll face thesis of Meche
Blood'll apease me, raps are prehistorical
Cerebral of cathedral that leads you into the oracle
I'm horrible, I burn wit no time to react
Rewind DAT's so fine I pull spines out the back
In time I crack minds that's what the brain desire
Messiah pulls as Mariah into the rain of fire
Barb wire around pagans that read the Bible
Genocidal and liable to just cleave your spinal
Final hours, the forbidden fruit they fond as Iris
Study rappers, bringin wackness like Abolo scholars
First in line to try to battle me, I left him limbless
Tragic rappers just a fallacy, I left em skinless
Beginners, keep your distance because we might be vicious
You can find me wit Louis Logic drinkin pints of Guiness
You don't even wanna test
Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless

[J-Treds:]

Aiyyo when I rhyme

Fortunatley I possess a Jedi Mind

So the force is with me (When I rhyme)

Son it makes me spit a fresh one

So when Treds is done, even a athiest will say I blessed him

And when my jam bang, better cop that

Fuck all these players who can't hang, get a jockstrap

Cuz we drop bombs, better be scared

Cuz it's either hop on or be prepared for us to lock horns

We engage, when the pen sprays we wage war

And then you know what they say, when it rains it pours

So face us, cuz you can't change the laws of nature

We independent, it's competition callin us major

We major threats who deliver, so place your bets

We'll bring it minus the Moet, Rollies, and Avirex

We just spit shit too amazing, just shit

That when you face it you'll see it's a must-win situation

Ain't no second chance (anyway), not next to the champs

Because it's our freestyle that's gettin grants from the NEA

We well in doubt versus these rappers we tell about

(Cuz us and them) Difference between takin a L and a bow

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